The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1800.

Trial and Puniſhment of State Criminals in Holland: As deſcribed by Mr. Pratt.

PUBLIC juſtice is adminiſtered, I believe in the Provinces, with a very impartial, but, in ſome caſes, a very myſterious hand. In common affairs, the accuſed is tried, and if not immediately acquitted, he is reconducted to priſon without his knowing when his ſentence will be paſſed, or of what nature it is to be. At the pleaſure of the magiſtrate, he is ſummoned to make his ſecond appearance, and then receives ſentence; after hearing which, he is carried again to his confinement, whence he is brought out only on the day he is to be executed: of this he has only a few hours notice, whether the puniſhment be capital, or otherwiſe. He is then delivered over as a public ſpectacle, and his offence made known, in a ſummary way, to the people.

The ſtate trials are conducted with great ſecrecy. A marked perſon is picked up, in a manner almoſt imperceptible. He is tried, condemned, and executed, without the public ſuſpecting any thing of the matter. If the offender be of a deſcent whoſe family would be diſgraced by an ignominious death, he is brought into a certain apartment in the ſeat of juſtice, where he perceives a goblet ſtanding on a table; and on one ſide of it the figure of a woman, called the Maiden, larger than life, but of exquiſite beauty and proportion; the perſon whoſe office it is to attend gives the criminal the choice of theſe, either of which is an inevitable fate. If to drink the contents of the goblet be his election, he has no ſooner taken the poiſon, than the officer makes him a bow, and informs him he is at full liberty to go where he pleaſes. Of courſe he makes the beſt of his way home; but the poiſon he has ſwallowed is of ſo active a nature, that he takes his death along with him, and has no other conſolation than that of yielding up his life amidſt his friends. If the other be his choice, he advances to the figure, whoſe arms are by ſecret ſprings extended to receive him; and juſt as he has reached the lips of this treacherous Maiden, he finds deſtruction in her embrace: he is locked faſt in her gripe, and feels innumerable lances ſtriking in his heart and vitals.

HUMOROUS.

THE Earl of S. kept an Iriſh footman. My Lord having ſent him one day with a preſent to a certain Judge; the Judge, in return, ſent my Lord half a dozen live partridges, with a letter. The partridges fluttering in the baſket upon Teague's head, as he was bringing them home, he ſat down the baſket and opened the lid of it to quiet them; whereupon they all flew away. "O the d—l burn you!" ſaid he, "I am glad you are gone." When he came home, and his Lordſhip had read the letter,—"Why Teague," ſaid he, "I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter."—"Now, arrah, dear honey," ſaid Teague, "I am glad you have found them *in the letter*, for they are all flew out of the baſket!"

AN Iriſh gentleman who is now recruiting his company at Mancheſter, ſays, that when he was on the continent he found 50 *gold* aſſignats in the *breeches pocket* of a ſlain French *ſans-culotte*.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 53.]

CHAP. III.

I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel to adviſe
Which way t' encounter and ſurpriſe;
And, after long conſideration,
Have found one out to fit th' occaſion,
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As Counſellor and juſtice too.

HUDIBRAS, Cant. III.

HOW can I better begin this Chapter than by a ſmall tribute of applauſe to that philanthropy, ſo conſpicuous in the female breaſt? Not the limpid ſtream, in the moment of madneſs, is more dreaded by the canine ſpecies, than every appearance of diſtreſs by men in general, or is more eagerly avoided. Ill-fated is the wretch who has no kind female to ſmooth his pillow, and ſoften his knotted couch! no matter if ſhe were as old as Methuſalem, as ugly as Endor's witch, and as little cared for as his great grand mother, he ſhall find more compaſſion and pity, more real help and aſſiſtance, than from all his male relations, though he numbers them by the dozen. Mr. Pope, whatever he may have ſaid of women, in his own perſon found this to be true; and though Prior has ſneeringly remarked—

For if weak women go aſtray,
Their ſtars are more in fault than they;

yet a writer, who knew human nature far better, proves that true which the other meant hyperbolically; and has candidly owned, that they daily commit faults that are aſcribed to their vices, but which are in reality the offſpring of their pity or compaſſion. In ſhort, the virtues of man are chiefly thoſe attendant on proſperity; and when the day of ſorrow, ſickneſs and misfortune comes, we ſhould truly become moſt miſerable objects were it not for their aſſiſtance. Yes, lovely women! one individual confeſſes the truth; and while he owns there are no virtues in *our* ſex, which is not frequently poſſeſſed by *your's*, he is compelled to declare with a ſigh, that many of your's, which might adorn the man, the hero, and the chriſtian, are ſhamefully neglected, deſpiſed, and condemned. Bad would have been the fate of our poor youth, had it not been for the compaſſion of the females before mentioned; for more than merely his ſupper and his bed was he indebted to them—their kind words ſoothed his little ſorrows, and calmed the agitation of his mind, and more contributed to his repoſe than would the ſofteſt down in the moſt ſumptuous apartments. After a ſound night's reſt, he awoke early in the morning, refreſhed and reſigned to his fate: not that he felt no anxiety for the coming cares of the day: but hope, ſmiling hope, brightened the proſpect, and raiſed many ideas not unpleaſant to his mind. The ſafety of Captain Grey was the chief thing that troubled him. Gratitude was too firmly rooted in his breaſt to make him forfeit the obligations he owed him; and with the utmoſt eagerneſs he looked forward to the time that might give him that ſatisfaction. With far different thoughts did the two brothers awake from the effects of their ſotting: their broken confuſed ſlumbers had perplexed the occurrences of the former evening, while a hearty repentance of their conduct was the firſt ſentiment they agreed in. But to be ſorry came too late; and they prepared to go before the juſtice, literally to enquire from his Worſhip how they were next to act. All the parties having breakfaſted, they ſoon ſet off, though with little the appearance of a criminal on the part of the youth. The reſidence of the magiſtrate was a few miles diſtant; and they luckily found him at home. The Juſtice was one of thoſe characters rarely met with at preſent; he was what might be calld the remains of an old Engliſh country Squire; he lived upon his eſtate, which in former times had been accounted large, but in theſe days, when the vaſt influence of mercantile concerns has overrun all parts of the kingdom, was not, in the ratio of money proportion, half its value. But, as he was a bachelor, it more than ſupplied all his wants, while he lived in peace and quietneſs in the manſion of his anceſtors. He was a man of natural good underſtanding, and well verſed (particularly in the active part) in the laws of his country, and the duty of a magiſtrate. His education indeed had been no more than a neighbouring grammar-ſchool afforded; and he might be ſaid to be ignorant of thoſe manners of the great, which is ſo frequently called a knowledge of the world. His intercourſe with the gentry around him was rare, and ſeldom amounted to more than occaſionally at public meetings, and a diſtant civility. In his early youth (his parents ſtill living,) he had formed a connexion with a young woman of low birth, and totally againſt their conſent: by her he had four children, and certainly would have married her on their demiſe, had not the will of his father cut him off from the eſtate if ever that event took place. What was in his power to do, he did: On his father's death, he took the woman and her children home to the houſe, and publicly acknowledged and brought them up as his own. This had given great offence to his haughty neighbours, though it was well known he had for many years before dropped all connexion with her; and at preſent their apartments were at different ſides of the

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HISTORY OF PAULINE DE RIVIERES.

[A FACT.]

[*Concluded from page* 51.]

Two months had now elapsed since the fatal day on which she surrendered her honour. The count's tenderness had for some time gradually decreased. Her tears that flowed incessantly, her uneasiness at her father's long delay, became tiresome and offensive to him. He resolved to get rid of them—The task to such a heart was not difficult. In the most unfeeling manner, he disclosed to her the villainy of which he had been guilty ;—and informed her that her father was still in prison, where she was now at liberty to visit him. To describe Pauline's sensations at this discovery would require the utmost efforts of a Sterne's genius, and is perhaps beyond the powers of language. After a long series of convulsive fits, she lost entirely the faculty of reason. In this situation, by means of that imposing subtlety which the insane often possess, she stole out of the house with an intention of travelling on foot to Paris. How her tender frame endured the fatigues of such a journey, or how she accomplished it, is known to him only, who "*tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*" She arrived in the metropolis on that memorable day, in which the Bastile was stormed and taken by the people. Insensible to the firing of cannon, and to every object around her, she seated herself on a stone at the gate of the prison. Her attention was at last somewhat roused by the shouts of the people.—She lifted up her head.—Two soldiers were supporting an old man, whom they had just liberated from one of the dungeons. Paulineglanced her eyes towards him, and immediately recognized her father. Her reason returned in an instant—she darted through the croud, and fell at his feet—"Oh my father ! behold your Pauline."—His ear quickly caught the well known sound—he threw his arms round his daughter, and sunk down with her in that fond embrace.

The crowd, affected at the sight, withdrew to a respectful distance. Every tongue was hushed into silence, while every heart melted with sympathy. As soon as De Rivieres could speak, he enquired how she came there.—"The count D. B—— informed me that you were in prison."—De Rivieres hastily interrupted. "Oh ! execrable villain ! Oh, son of infamy—To him I flattered myself I should owe riches and honours.—How cruelly was I deceived !—I arrived in Paris with fond hopes of obtaining future happiness for my child—I was seized and sent to the Bastile. The count, the perfidious count, was the occasion of it."—Pauline started with horror—"But the letters," —she exclaimed, "they contained intelligence far different from the present."—"What letters ? I sent none." Pauline shuddered—"None !—Oh God !" She rested her head upon her father's neck, scarce able to breathe. On repeated enquiries into the meaning of her last exclamation, she briefly related to him the deep laid trachery which the count had practised ; informed him of the letter's and the subsequent proposal—"But, my Pauline," said the father, with eager interruption, "rejected it"—Oh ! pardon—pardon ! I acquiesced, to release a father from prison," —De Rivieres' eyes flashed fire :—he clenched his hand, and held it to his forehead, but spoke not a word. He surveyed his child with looks of anger and reproach. Pauline trembled, and fell on her knees, clasping her hands for pardon. The flood of tenderness returned immediately into the father's breast. He raised Pauline, and folded her in his arms—"My God !—My God ! thou hast filled up the measure of my woes—but—but thy will be done."

De Rivieres, supported by his daughter, now walked on, the crowd following them with prayers and tears. An officer, who had been engaged in storming the Bastile, led them to his house, and endeavoured to assuage the violence of their anguish.—The chords of life were too far severed. De Rivieres felt his end approaching fast :—he called his child to his bed side—"Pauline ! I am very near that moment, in which we are taught the weary rest from their labours.—I could have wished to live to punish the despoiler of my child's honour ; but, perhaps, heaven in its mercy has prevented me. To the stings and arrows of his conscience I must leave him. My Pauline ! may the Almighty take thee under his protection !—may he bind up thy wounds, and give thee that happiness, the want of which has hastened the period of my dissolution !

Pauline, oppressed, convulsed with grief, could not utter a word. De Rivieres too had now lost the power of speech. They surveyed one another with looks of inexpressible affection ;—and, clasped in each others arms in a few moments the souls of both winged their flight to the regions of immortality.

The infamous cause of this woe is still living ; and at this moment, an exile from his own country, exists within the walls of our metropolis !—This is one of the monsters engendered by the old government of France !—This is a royalist !—This an emigrant !—"Ex hoc uno disce omnes."—

Though Burke and Wyndham of their virtues tell,
Avoid them, Britons—They're as black as hell !

house. To this good man (for he well deserved the epithet) our party repaired; nor waited long for an audience. The brothers with some confusion, told their story, and the youth, with great simplicity, his. "If, farmers," said his Worship, "you had come straight from the fair, you could not have met the lad, and had prevented yourselves all this trouble. I suppose this was a blunder from the George." The farmers hung down their heads. "You, my boy," continued he, "have acted very right, and I make no doubt soon we shall get you some tidings of your master; in the mean time you shall stay at my house, and the horse and yourself shall be cried the next market day at the nearest towns." The youth thanked his Worship in as good terms as he was able; and farmer John who was somewhat recovered from his confusion, said, "An please your Worship, we be very sorry if we have done any harm; for though we were a little top-heavy or so, yet we did all for the best." His brother added, his Honour had often given them advice before, and did them a deal of good, and he'd take care to follow this too; but if they were'nt too bold, he begged to ax his Worship's opinion a little upon some law business. The Justice kindly said, he should be glad to be of any service to them to prevent law business, and enquired what it was. Sam, who was the best spokesman of the two, began—"Your Honour must know we be going to law with a great parish near London."—"Why, my friend?" said his Worship.—"About a pauper, Sir, which they said has its settlement in our parish, and so he was sick, and they sent him to we."—"Who was your adviser in this business?" asked the Magistrate.—"Au, Sir, we went to Lawyer Twisty, and he told us as how we were right."

"Did I not caution you against that Twisty the attorney, when you shewed me his last bill? you know, farmer, I told you it was more than he had a right to charge."

"Yes, Sir," replied John; "and when we told him so, he took off ten pounds, though we did'nt mention your Worship's name."—"But how came you to apply to him again?"——"An said he'd serve us as reasonable as any body; and then your Worship, Counsellor Chatter was in town, and we all went together, and axed him; and he heard all, and examined the pauper himself, and he said we were sure of winning it; and so, Sir, we gave him a guinea as retaining fee for sizes."—"Well, my friend," said the worthy Magistrate, "let me hear this case; and if I can do you any service, you are very welcome to it for nothing, and at any time."—The farmers then with many thanks stated their case; and they had no sooner finished their tale, than the Justice assured them, that both Chatter and Twisty had most grossly deceived them; and that, if they continued in their litigious intentions, they would not only retain the pauper, but have the costs of both parties to pay. The farmers looked all amazed, and rather doubtful; upon which, the Justice reaching a Burn off the shelf, pointed out a similar case. A servant here entered to inform the Justice he was wanted; who desired the farmers, therefore, to look it over steadily till he returned. As our youth is at last brought into some degree of safety, we will leave him a little, while the farmers are wondering over their law business, and close this Chapter. In the next we shall see what is become of his patron Captain Grey, whom we left stretched upon the ground with the two footpads.

[~~To be~~ *continued.*] to 66

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE.

Dr. Franklin, if my memory serves me, has observed, that, "It is easier to pick up a pin than to make one." I know, by experience, that it requires less labour to pick up an essay than to write one. Walking the street, the other day, as I sometimes do in quest of thoughts, or materials for them, I accidently cast my eye on a manuscript fragment, which appears to have been intended for part of a play. I immediately concluded, that the author was one of those unfortunate persons, whose ill fated moments had been subservient to the teazings of the Thespian Muse, and that his observations had dictated to him the propriety of committing his works to the mercy of the public, by a headlong descent from its garret window, in preference to the more perplexed and expensive route, *via* stage and press. The induction was, that he was a man of sense, *ergo*, the offspring of his brain is entitled to the rights of hospitality. But as we are prone to run wide from truth as we are drawn from our premises by the subtle thread of ratiocination, I am so far from being tenacious of my conclusion, that I shall recommend the perusal of the fragment to the *idle only*, cautioning the reader whose time is of any worth, if he proceed further, not to charge its loss to my account.

"SCENE, A GARRET.

"——*an* author *and*——*a* shop-keeper."

[first part of the dialogue illegible.]

"*Author.* * * * By heavens, Sir, I will not. 'Tis a fair May-day, and yet the icicles are gathering round your heart, or you would never break friendship with the sex for such trifles. The sun beams his most cheering

foiles; the earth is dreſſed in her gayeſt attire; but you would not allow her faireſt tenant to ſelect thoſe ornaments, that pleaſe her fancy, and make fair ſtill fairer.

"*Shopkeeper.* I am willing theſe fair idlers ſhould rival May itſelf in their apparel. But to be eternally chooſing, without ever making a choice, and running into every ſhop in town, to ſhow themſelves, under the pretence of ſeeing one's goods—this is beyond all ſufferance. Why, if the earth ſhould follow the example of ſome of her fickle daughters, inſtead of making up her ſpring dreſs without ado, and jogging on about her daily buſineſs, ſhe muſt take half a dozen trips through the milky way, call at every planet to ſee which kept the beſt fancy ſtore, and come back in the fall with nothing but a budget of patterns and faded noſegays, inſtead of the ripened fruits of her more rational employment—Here, to convince you how much we ſuffer by theſe buſy idlers, called ſhop haunters, or pattern mongers, examine this; and as you ſometimes chaſtiſe folly, judge if this does not deſerve the rod. [*Exit, leaving a memorandum.*]

"*Author.* [*Solus.*] I like my eaſe too well, to be dragooned into an unprovoked war, eſpecially with thoſe who are trained up in the art of making conqueſts. However, with an inclination to put the faireſt conſtruction on every thing that relates to the fair, I will peruſe the

MEMORANDUM.

"Ladies called at ſhop this day, for patterns for gowns, 27

Do. who firſt looked round the ſhop, then inquired for what they knew was not there—courteſied complaiſantly, and went off with kind looks, 31

N. B. I have the reputation of doing well in buſineſs, am unmarried, not to ſay handſome—they are ſingle, and have bargains to make.

Do. to look at goods of various kinds 42

—Of theſe, the greater part turned over and examined muſlins, ſilks, &c. and made their hands very conſpicuous—they were delicate. Several very ſtudiouſly concealed theirs—they bore the diſgraceful marks of induſtry. A number ſtooped gently over the counter, for a nearer ſurvey of goods—they had fair boſoms.

Sum total of female cuſtomers this day, 100

Bought by the whole, 1 fan—

profit 3 cents.

Trouble equal to taking an account of ſtock.

N. B. The greater part of the above cuſtomers repeat a ſimilar routine of buſineſs each fair day.

"——, *Shopkeeper.*

A true ſtatement. Atteſt,

"——, *Clerk.*

"——, *May*, ——."

"The ſtatement may be juſt. But my friend's concluſion are crooked. At any rate, I will not ſend my folly into the world a companion for his ill-humour. By his own account, his obliging cuſtomers muſt give themſelves as much trouble to ſhow their fancy ware, as he to ſhow his. Though not profitable, 'tis a pleaſing exchange of kind offices, and ſuch as would leave the balance of pleaſure on his ſide, unleſs his eyes were fixed in a ſtoic's head."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Hic multa deſunt."

Neither the cataſtrophe nor moral to the piece can be gathered from this fragment. The gallant author, however, might have added in this ſcene, and probably did a more weighty argument in favour of that claſs of ladies whom the ill-natured ſhopkeeper calls "*ſhop haunters*," or "*pattern-mongers*." Trades will multiply as ſociety advances in improvement; and it is an old maxim, that "all trades muſt live." This of *ſhopping* is certainly one of the moſt growing in our ſea-ports, and finds employment for a great number, who have no other viſible means of livelihood.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO L.

HAD your obſervations on "POPLAR GROVE" been couched in the language of the gentleman, the ſcholar, or the friend of literary refinement inſtead of that ſnarling tone you have choſen to adopt; had they diſcovered the dictates of an ingenuous heart, inſtead of the ſilly cavils of a narrow mind, they would have been entitled to ſome degree of attention, and called forth at leaſt an amicable refutation. But the illiberal manner in which you have attempted to pervert the meaning of what you could find no juſt grounds to ſatirize, added to the ſhameful reſort to falſe quotations, are indubitable proofs that your underſtanding is as contracted as the baſis of your criticiſm.

Did you imagine that by informing us you gave "Poplar Grove" but a "*curſory reading*," we ſhould be more ready to excuſe the folly of thoſe remarks which might otherwiſe be imputed to dullneſs of apprehenſion? Or are you really one of thoſe *ſappy headed* gentlemen, who being incapable of underſtanding Engliſh when dreſſed in a plain and decent attire, are willing to condemn it as nonſenſe? Believing you to be of the latter deſcription, it would be an arduous taſk to make you ſenſible of the abſurdity of your cynical attempt at criticiſm, for accord-

ing to the wiſeſt of men, "*though thou ſhouldeſt bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat with a peſtle, yet will not his fooliſhneſs depart from him.*"

However, I beg the readers of the Weekly Magazine to be apprized, that far from boaſting of the excellency of my poetry, I am ſenſible it comes conſiderably ſhort of perfection, and being merely the effuſions of a leiſure hour, was offered for publication, probably without a critical review: but that it will not admit of your ungenerous miſconſtructions, every candid and impartial perſon will find no heſitation to acknowledge. For inſtance, could any body but yourſelf ſtumble at the fifth and ſixth lines, which are an invocation of the muſe to *aſſiſt the mind ambitious* to give a *modeſt* deſcription of a country-ſeat, &c.?

Your ſecond objection is a mere quibble; graſping at ſhadows: and the third diſplays the hebetude of your underſtanding. As if it were doubtful whether "a fair ſpot" or "the eyes" were the antecedent to the pronoun "it." But paſſing over your "expletives" and "ſublimity," I come now to gratify your vanity by making one confeſſion—"Some's grateful to the ſmell," though a common expreſſion, is inimical to the ſtrict rules of grammar, and might be altered to "ſome gratify the ſmell," &c.—However, when it is conſidered that *Pope* himſelf has been guilty of the like expreſſions (as detected by the learned Lowth) I hope this ſingle fault will not be unpardonable in me, the ſenſe being not at all obſcured.

The abbreviation is perfectly proper, and none but a pſeudo critic like yourſelf, would have taken exception to it; and your laſt objection would diſgrace a ſchool-boy. No wonder that ſome lines ſhould not ſound like metre in your ears, when you are ſo wretchedly deſtitute of the art of reading. Do let me inform you that "pioney" is pronounced as two ſyllables, with the accent on the firſt. Pray fabricator of Nonſenſe, let me beg of you to treaſure up "uſeful hints" for your own uſe, and don't offer ſo laviſhly to thoſe who ſtand in leſs need of them—Let charity begin at home.

E. O.

Extract from the London Medical Review, Publiſhed by a Society of Phyſicians and Surgeons of London.

"Hiſtories of the plague, exhibiting the modification it undergoes in different climates, muſt at all times and at all places be acceptable, if not to the public at large, at leaſt to that claſs of perſons who make the art of medicine their ſtudy and employ: but, to a country ſituated like our own, hiſtories of this terrible diſorder occurring in the northern parts of Europe are more particularly intereſting, by holding up to our view a picture of what it probably would be, whenever it ſhould viſit us again. Such a picture is preſented to us in the hiſtory of the plague which depopulated Moſcow, and other parts of the Ruſſian empire, in the year 1771, and which forms the ſubject of the following pages. What at the preſent time muſt give a greater degree of intereſt to ſuch a ſubject is, the danger to which we are expoſed of importing the peſtilential contagion from America,* on the one hand, and from Turkey and the Levant, on the other: for although the cold has happily ſuppreſſed for the preſent the peſtilence which has been committing ſuch dreadful ravages at Philadelphia and New-York, yet it is to be feared that it may be retained in many houſes, and lie dormant to various goods, ready to break out again, whenever it ſhall be favored by the weather, and no one, who is acquainted with the nature of that contagion, can deny the poſſibility of its importation from America to this country, either now or hereafter, by infected perſons or infected merchandiſe. On the other hand, are we not threatened with a ſimilar danger from the Eaſt? In executing the hoſtile operations which are going forwards in the Mediterranean, it ſeems ſcarcely poſſible for our fleets and armies to keep clear of contagion. No nation was ever longer engaged in war with the Turks without taking the plague. In this reſpect, they are as much to be dreaded by their friends as their foes. If in the preſent conteſt, Italy, and France, and England ſhall eſcape this ſcourge, it will form an exception to paſt events, which all Europe muſt devoutly pray for."

*"Whatever doubts might have been entertained as to the real nature of the yellow fever, on its firſt appearance in North America, I believe almoſt all phyſicians are now agreed that it is the plague with ſuch modifications as are eaſily referable to difference of climate and different mode of living."—*Tranſl.*

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

AT the ſiege of one of the garriſons in Flanders, the only place by which it was aſſailable was mined. The duke of Marlborough, who commanded the beſieging army, determined to ſend a ſmall party to that ſpot, in order to oblige the enemy to ſpring the mine, and leave a free paſſage to the whole army. He accordingly ſet for an officer of known courage, and addreſſed him thus: "Sir, I have ſent for you, confident of your valour and military

ardour, to employ you on a ſervice which will cauſe the town inevitably to fall into our hands" The officer thanked the general for the honour done him in being ſelected in preference to ſo many other brave officers as were in the army. "I muſt add, ſaid the general, that the ſervice required will prove inſtant death to you and your party." Undaunted by this, the brave man only requeſted to know the ſervice; which being explained to him, he retired to chooſe out the men who were to follow him in this hopeleſs adventure, then put himſelf at their head, and ruſhed on to the fatal ſpot. The beſieged, ſeeing only this brave handful of men advance, and that the general only waited the event of the exploſion to ſtorm the breach with his whole army, conſidered their cauſe as irretrivable; and unwilling to facrifice a few brave men's lives, without tending to anſwer any uſeful purpoſe, inſtantly beat the chamade;

The town ſurrendered on honourable terms, and the brave officer and his little company were ſaved from inſtant deſtruction.

Baltimore.

NEWS.

SINCE the publication of the laſt Magazine, little intelligence worth mentioning has been received from the old world. A confirmation of the victories over the allies by Maſſena came to hand a few days ſince, but the official accounts do not ſtate the loſs to be ſo conſiderable as at firſt announced. Much debate has taken place in the Britiſh parliament on the ſubject of foreign ſubſidies, the oppoſition was very powerful.

Electioneering publications now fill up a great portion of the newſpapers of the U. States, and the names of Adams, Jefferſon, Hamilton and Pinckney, are reſounded from one end of the continent to the other, by their reſpective partizans.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED on Thurſday, the fifth inſtant, by the Rev. Mr. Liſle, Capt. VAN BEUREN to the angelic Miſs FRANCES FONERDEN, Daughter of Mr. Adam Fonerden, of this city.

"Hail Matrimony—hail thou happieſt life;
"What comfort here hath man without a wife."

——On Thurſday laſt by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, *John Skinner Webſter*, eſquire, of Harford county, to Miſs *Elizabeth Thornburg*, daughter to Mr. Joſeph Thornburg, merchant, of this city.

The honorable Samuel Dexter paſſed through this city on Wedneſday, for the city of Waſhington, to enter on his functions as Secretary of War.

THE FOUR PERFECT WOMEN!

MAHOMET informs us that among menmany have been found *perfect*; but among women only *four*. This is an incivility which is not even excuſable in a Prophet. He even mentions the four fortunate ladies: Aſa, the wife of Pharaoh; Mary the daughter of Imran; Khadijah the daughter of Khowailed; and Fatima the daughter of Mahomet. How it happened that the Prophet felt ſuch a partiality for the wife of Pharaoh, of whom the world knows nothing, is a myſtery not for us to penetrate. But there is good reaſon to konw why he was ſo favourable to the other *three* perfect ladies; one was his *nurſe*, one his *wife*, and the other his *daughter!* Should a wit offer the ſlighteſt raillery on this abſurdity in Conſtantinople, he would there ceaſe to be a wit, and would become a heretic. The opinions of men are not leſs diſtant from each other than their reſidence.

I ſhould be glad if ſome method could be deviſed, whereby communication might be had with "*Puer.*"

Any perſons who may have been omitted ſerving with the Magazine, will pleaſe to give information of the ſame at this office, where they may be ſupplied.

Any perſon that will furniſh me with ſketches of American or other Biography, ſhall receive any compenſation I can make.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

The following Lines were written in a blank page at the end of the "Pleasures of Hope," *caused by reflections arising from the perusal of that work.*

YES HOPE thou solac'st every woe,
Canst ev'ry soothing balm impart—
Save to the heart, whose sorrows flow
From cruel beauty's angry dart.

Ah! here in vain you lend your aid,
Paint ev'ry bliss which love can give;
In vain you draw the charming maid,
The well turn'd arm, the bosom's heave.

In vain you paint the mutual flame,
The mutual wish, th' attendant joy:
Despair rejects th' ideal theme,
The fancied pleasures more annoy.

Begone then HOPE—deceiver fly;
'Tis thou hast rais'd this cruel smart;
ELIZA's fair—I've seen her eye—
But oh! the wish who gave my heart.

A. B. C.

SONNET—*FROM THE ITALIAN.*

BLITHE sings the sailor, as he rows along,
And heeds not, as he sings, the slavish toil;
Blithe at his work the ploughman tunes his song,
And, singing, parts with ease the yielding soil.

The lonely captive, in his grated tower,
Soothes, with soft song and sweet, confinement's stings;
The reaper o'er the new-bound wheat sheaf sings,
And singing, heeds not noontide's sultry hour.

Blithe sings the dusky smith at peep of day,
And, blithesome as he tunes the jocund strain,
To wield his ponderous hammer seems but play,
So I, to sooth the torturing pangs of pain,
Which fortune sometimes, sometimes Love may bring,
To calm those woes, and not for fame, I sing.

THE CAPTIVE THRUSH.

ONCE in a garden, spread with flowers,
Enamell'd walks and sylvan bowers,
A warbling, self-enraptur'd thrush,
Pour'd out his sonnet from a bush,
And sung with that unlabor'd fire,
Which only genius can inspire.

Into a cool, umbrageous grot,
The lord of this delectant spot,
On summer days would oft retreat,
To shun the scorching, solar heat.
He heard the songster tune his note,
He saw him swell his thrilling throat;
For now he sung in dying strains,
And now he rent the woods and plains;
But then, alas! what pleasure, yield
The sweetest sonnets of the field,
When foul suspicion, foe to peace,
Bids joy abate, and cares increase.
In such a case as now express,
My lord appear'd, nor could he rest;
Though music sweetly charm'd his ears,
His mind was fill'd with anxious fears.
"'Tis true (says he) this warbler's strains
Are yet confin'd to my domains;
And when he sings so bold and free,
I raptures feel as well as he;
But what of that? I shall not long
Enjoy his sweetly soothing song;
For when the summer's bloom is past,
And Boreas blows his surly blast,
And all the trees are stript of green,
The songster will no more be seen.

"Yet hold! a project fills my mind,
By which I some relief may find:
It is in early morn to lay
A slimy twig on yonder spray;
Which, when he perches there to sing
Will useless make his agile wing;
I have him then, and in a cage
Perhaps he'll sing for half an age."

The snare was laid, the bird was caught,
But now, alas! he's good for nought.
The cause that raised his finest tone,
Sweet liberty! no more is known.
The wiry tenement can yield
No graces like the grove or field:
He never tunes a single lay,
But pining mopes his life away,
Which makes the captor curse the hour
He exercis'd his wanton pow'r.

From hence we learn, that tyrants oft employ
Unlawful arms, which their own schemes destroy:
For proudly thinking what is giv'n too small,
They war with right for more, and forfeit all.

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